Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their childe shall be aduaunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.
Chiron. Aron I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.
Demu. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herselfe and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt*
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with Letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,

Terras

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*,
Shees gone, shees fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happily you may finde her in the sea,
Yet theres as little iustice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice,
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
To see thy noble Vncle thus distract?
Publi. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.
Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytor *Saturnine*.
Titus. Publius how now, how now my Maisters,
What haue you met with her?
Pabli. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,

Marrie

4 — may catch her —

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